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B. F. Jacobs

(By Rev. Simeon Gilbert, D.D., in 'Union Signal.')

It is no extravagance to say that the adoption of the uniform International Sunday School Lesson System marked a boldly distinct epoch in modern religious and educational history, and in the recent death of Mr. B. F. Jacobs, the man who conceived the idea of this tremendous innovation, the religious world has lost a great power. Individuals—men or women—who inspire such noble undertakings deserve grateful memorial. Their lives, moreover, are particularly worth studying.

To Robert Raikes, of Gloucester, England, history gives the credit of being the founder of the modern Sunday-school as an institution. To B. F. Jacobs belongs the credit of having been the man who conceived the idea of the universal adoption of a common interdenominational, national and international Sunday-school Lesson System, and of having been the chiefly dominant personal force in actually securing its adoption.

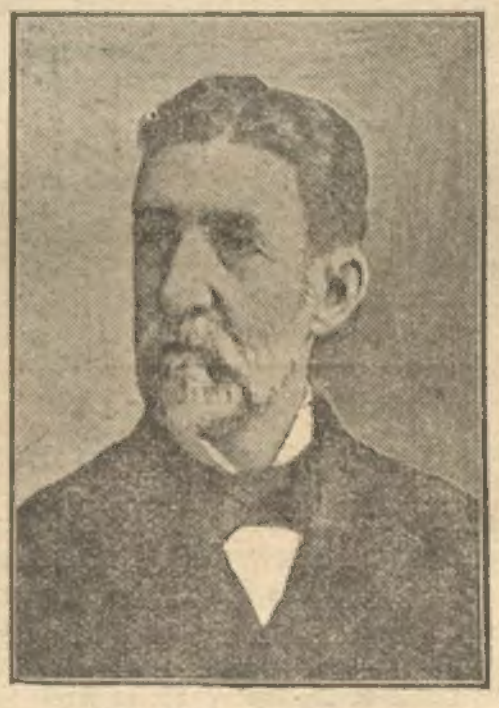
Few men have been more fortunate or happier in their association with other leaders of historic movements than was Mr. Jacobs. Peculiarly happy in his home-breeding in the East, he came at the age of twenty (in 1854) to Chicago, then a city of some 30,000 people, and this, for him, was exactly the right time. With the forth-pushing spirit of the place and the time he was in perfect accord. As a Christian he wasted no time in doubt and dawdling. Day by day, as the way opened—like young Dwight L. Moody, who came about the same time—he saw the thing for him to do, and did it—did it with a vim.

When the great national revival year came—1857-8—it found young Jacobs and Moody ready for their part in it—and as well for the next great advance movement—that of city missions and the Young Men's Christian Association. When the war came and the Christian Commission found its tremendous exigency, Jacobs and Moody were aflame with zeal for ministering to the religious needs of the Boys in Blue.

When the Sunday-school 'convention' idea in Illinois, for the city, the county, the state, came into vogue, Moody and Jacobs, and a number of other young lawyers, burning with the new spirit of tremendous seriousness and practicality, in part engendered by the strenuous activities of the war, went in among these conventions like the prophet's 'torch among the sheaves of wheat.'

When, moreover, that young Methodist preacher at Galena and at Joliet, John H. Vincent, who had caught some notable ideas in England from the English Sunday-school Union, to which his original genius had added ideas of his own, and had invented the Sunday-school 'Institute,' as a normal training school for preachers and Sunday-school teachers; and when, also, this other irresistible visionary, young Vincent, plumped down in Chicago with the new magazine he had founded, the 'Chicago,' afterwards 'The National Sunday-school Teacher,' and began in it the publication of the first lesson scheme for Sunday-school Bible Study ever published, at any rate in this country—then it was that something else that was new began to dawn on the vision of Mr. B. F. Jacobs.

Vincent did not remain long in Chicago, not more than one year, having been called to New York to take charge of the Sunday-school department of his own



THE LATE B. F. JACOBS,
The veteran Sunday-School leader.

church; but he had stayed here long enough to found 'The Teacher,' and by means of it to demonstrate what a new scheme of lessons could be made to be, and to do. Edward Eggleston, the brilliant young 'Hoosier Schoolmaster,' took his place as editor of 'The Teacher,' when, for the next few years, he did incomparably the best work of his life. The 'lessons' which he continued to prepare, following the scheme invented and started by Vincent, presently arrested universal attention.

And now it was that B. F. Jacobs came to his kingdom. The kind of lesson system which was now coming into rapidly extending use was, he saw, a system that might, should, must, henceforth, be made universal. Jacobs had a vision in his eye, a fire in his bones. For the time he was as one of the prophets. His whole soul was in it. The result was inevitable. The Sunday-school work in all the churches was rescued from its chaotic condition, and was radically and thoroughly revolutionized. A new epoch was made in the whole movement for the universal popular education, secular as well as religious, From it dates also a new era in the movement towards the practical unification of Christendom. Especially did it anticipate and prepare for the world-wide fellowship in reform, symbolized by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

D. L. Moody, B. F. Jacobs, John H. Vincent, Frances E. Willard—each in their own way strikingly unique and individual, and yet in essential genius, spirit and character, were notably alike. And how enormous and beneficent the scope and power of influence, which these three or four contemporaries, starting from Chicago, have exerted upon the world for its advancement.

Our Post-Office Crusade

(To the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.')

Dear Editor,—Appended is a letter of great interest from India. Mrs. McLaurin writes that after the papers are read at the Reading Room some of the Christian soldiers carry them to the hospital. This hospital has been hitherto supplied for years through the Crusade, but now we are sending to Mrs. Moore first, and the soldiers, I am told, will distribute the literature. This week I have to acknowledge with sincere thanks the kind words and help of S. S. Waskentine, in Manitoba, and the letters from the following contained pleasant messages as well as money: $1.00 from A. J., a Tenth-giver; $1.00 from M. W.; $1.00 from Edith Laycock for a 'Messenger' to be sent to a little girl in India; $2.00 from Mr. Tweedie, in Montreal.

I shall send Edith the name and carry out the wishes of my other generous correspondents. Five papers have come by express and post. Some of these from Folder's Corners, and from Point Fortune. The Sunday-school books sent by the C. E.'s at Watford are greatly appreciated in a French community. It would be wise in sending papers to Mrs. Moore in India to enclose name and address, so that the proper parties may receive acknowledgment. I often get more thanks than I deserve. At present I have a grand opening to send literature free of charge to settlers in the North-West. It would confer a great favor on me if people who have good Canadian or Old Country magazines, such as 'Leisure Hour,' Girls' Own,' 'Quiver,' Chambers's Magazine,' or any Old Country British magazine, would send them to me. Such papers as 'Onward,' 'Westminster,' World Wide,' and other Canadian magazines will all be useful. Please do not send denominational papers. Every church should attend to that branch of work for themselves.

The North-West is being rapidly settled. Some say the balance of power will be in British Columbia in ten years. If so we want to inoculate freely with the best British Christian sentiments. Mark the words 'British Christian.' Faithfully,

M. E. COLE.

112 Irvine Ave.,
Westmount, Que.

The letter from Miss Jessica E. Wardale is as follows:—

'God is love.' I know, I feel.
May my life His love reveal.

Soldiers' Home,
Wellington,
South India.

May 15, 1902.

Dear Mrs. Cole,—Ten copies of a most interesting and helpful little paper called 'Sabbath Reading' have reached us this week from Canada, and I am so glad dear

Mr. Moore has asked me to write and heartily thank you in your kindness in sending them. We are so glad to have them for the Reading Room here, it is just the kind of paper we want our dear lads to read! And we thank you not only for your kindness in sending them, but also for the sympathy and love and prayer which we feel has come folded around these 'Sabbath Readings.'

I have mailed to you this week a copy of the second report of this Home, and of the three others in connection with it. And if you will please send me the names and addresses of any you know who would be likely to be interested in work among our British soldiers in India, I shall be so glad at once to forward them copies.

The need of such Homes as these in this dark land are very great. A soldier's life in India is fraught with so many and such grave dangers that centres of help such as this are sadly needed.

I wish with all my heart I could introduce you to the dear mother of this Home, Mrs. Moore. She is indeed the right woman in the right place, and has left the comforts of the home land behind that she may minister to the needs of our British soldiers. Her time and strength and money all laid on the 'altar' that sanctifieth the gift. I need not say she is an earnest Christian, and one who seeks to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. She is an Irish lady, the widow of a Presbyterian minister; her father and grandfather were also in the same ministry and four brothers.

There are just now 15,000 British troops on these hills, some invalided from the heat of Burmah, etc., some from South Africa. This Home stands open all day, and there is in connection with it a good temperance bar, kept by a Christian soldier, where the lads can get a good meal free from the temptations of the terrible drink, which here, as elsewhere, is such a foe alike to the souls and bodies of our dear men.

We do feel as these soldiers come out to take care of us we ought to care for them and lead them to the One who careth for them. There is a bright Gospel meeting held in the little hall, which is next to the Reading Room, every night from 8 to 9, and we do praise God that most of the men come in. We have plenty of singing, the soldiers choosing the hymns themselves before the meeting, and writing them down on the blackboard. Mrs. Moore is helped in these services by Christians living around, and just now (there being many missionaries resting awhile up on these lovely hills from the sultry heat of the plains) we have special help every evening. Then there's a Bible chat from 6.30 to 7.15, and at 10 p.m. a prayer-time, in which our dear Christian lads take part, and one of them reading 'Daily Light.'

We keep 'gun fire' at noon when any of the soldiers are down, as some of our lads belong to the 'S. C. A.' (the Soldiers' Christian Association), and the rule is that those who can shall meet then and read together the daily portion and pray 'one for another.' Mrs. Moore is specially fitted in individual dealing with souls, and has such a bright, winning way with her! She is indeed the 'Soldiers' Friend.' How you would love her if you knew her.

I have been in this dear home for six weeks now. My first experience in soldiers' work. I have been doing stop gap's work here for Mrs. Moore to go down to the sultry heat of the plains that a worker there might come up here for a month's breath of fresh air. Oh! how interesting the work is and how many opportunities we have of little talks with the boys about their mothers and their homes, and thank God also about the Home which Jesus died to prepare them for. In our Reading Room hangs a printed card with these words: 'When did you write to your Mother? Will you not write now?' and below on the table are pen and ink. This card often helps us to begin a little chat.

Now, dear Friend (for such I feel you to be), I have written at length because I feel you are interested in our work. Please feel at liberty to pass this letter on or make any use of it you like. We do desire that the deep need of work among British soldiers in India should be better known. Please ask any questions: I shall gladly reply to them.

I am a little old woman getting on for 60; I can't do much, so it is a great joy to use my pen for Jesus.

Thanking you again most heartily on behalf of our soldiers for your gift of love. Believe me, yours faithfully,

LITTLE MOTHER.

Soldiers' Home,
Wellington,
South India.

City Homes.

(Rev. Dr. J. H. Edwards, in New York 'Observer.')

Dr. James W. Alexander once said that it requires an unusual amount of will and grace to live at even a slight degree above the common level of society around. How is it with the homes of professed Christians in the midst of the multitudes of irreligious households found in every city? Are they plainly recognizable as dwelling places of the Lord Jesus? Is the family life fully and truly Christ-ruled if there be no morning or evening prayer in common, no word of thanksgiving at the table daily spread by a kind Providence, no religious reading or conversation from week's beginning to week's end, no parental interest manifested in the salvation and Christian life of the children? A New York pastor seeking to awaken the religious sense of a young man belonging to one of the families in his church, referred to his mother's prayers and the happiness of a united Christian home.

'Why,' he responded, 'I do not know that my mother ever prayed for me. She never said a word to me about religion. I have never had a home. We have always lived in hotels when not travelling. I have crossed the ocean nineteen times. As a family we have never known what home life was.'

Could all attainable wealth, luxury and pleasure compensate for the loss of a mother's prayers, a father's religious care, and a Christian home training? Poor, poor rich young man!

Since the custom of frequent change of abode has become common, many a city family can hardly be said to have a home though never without a fractional dwelling place. Frequently a new apartment is taken every year if not oftener. The city stay is for a lengthened winter. The remainder of the year is spent in the country, at the summer resort, or in travel. There is much to say for this practice on the score of health and the broadening of intelligence and human sympathy. But it is no less adverse to stability and cumulative usefulness. It often works havoc with religious habits and the real family life. Hence comes much of the church tramp evil. The multiplication of hotels and apartment houses in a neighborhood does not usually tend to strengthen the churches in the neighborhood, but the contrary. Many city Christians carry their religion with them wherever they go, and are a blessing to churches and Sunday-schools which may have their presence for a time; but far more are religious nonentities, or worse, when away from home. If there is real religion in the home it will accompany the Christian tourist in all his goings, and bring forth its fruit in any place or land.

City life with its frequently late or broken hours makes the maintenance of family worship difficult. But so it is always difficult if the purpose and effort to maintain it are feeble. Family altars have been kept burning bright and are still faithfully maintained in cases not a few, in spite of obstacles as great as any which are commonly held to excuse its neglect. The loss of its blessed influence in the home is one reason for the deadening power of present day worldliness in the church. Surely the busiest household might find at least one hour upon the Sabbath when its members could meet together at the throne of grace.

Ideal Christian homes are not wanting amid more varied social conditions in our great cities. The vital strength of the churches comes largely from these abodes of consistent, prayerful and practical piety. Wealth, numbers, popularity, an attractive ritual, eloquent preaching, none of these can supply the place of genuine religion in the home life. Is enough emphasis placed upon this by the pulpit? Ought not Christian people to be jealous of any rival or hostile influences, though from the church itself, which can detract from or damage the Christian home? The first duty of all parents is assuredly to make and maintain such a home. In so doing they are helping the church and aiding the best interests of the community more than is possible in any other way.

A Plea for Fellowship.

Let us, in imagination, hold a missionary meeting at a mission station, and let us reverse the order of proceedings; instead of talking about China, India, or Madagascar, let a report of Christian life in America be given; let the compiler of the report confine himself to the dark side of American Christianity, and what a report it would be! Hear him as he says, 'In so-called Christian America professing Christians often bite and devour one another; American preachers of the gospel often depreciate one another's talents and services; anonymous writers often insult and wound those who are doing their best to serve the cause of Christ; at many a social board in Christian America men abuse or dishonor their absent brethren; when a brother is overtaken in a fault, he is not seldom left to perish of hunger; when a daring mind ventures to put old truths into new forms, he is sometimes hunted to death as a heretic or driven into the wilderness as an intellectual leper; and this the zealous Christian America which has presumptuously sent her missionaries to destroy your harmless idols and show you how to make civilization the basis of a more refined rebellion against the living God.'

All this the cynical reporter might say, and say, unhappily, with too much truth, though the representation would be one-sided and misleading. We have preached the gospel, but have we loved one another? We have defended the truth in many an argument, but have we loved one another? We have carried our technical legislation to the point of completeness, but have we loved one another?—Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D., in 'The Christian Endeavor World.'

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00.

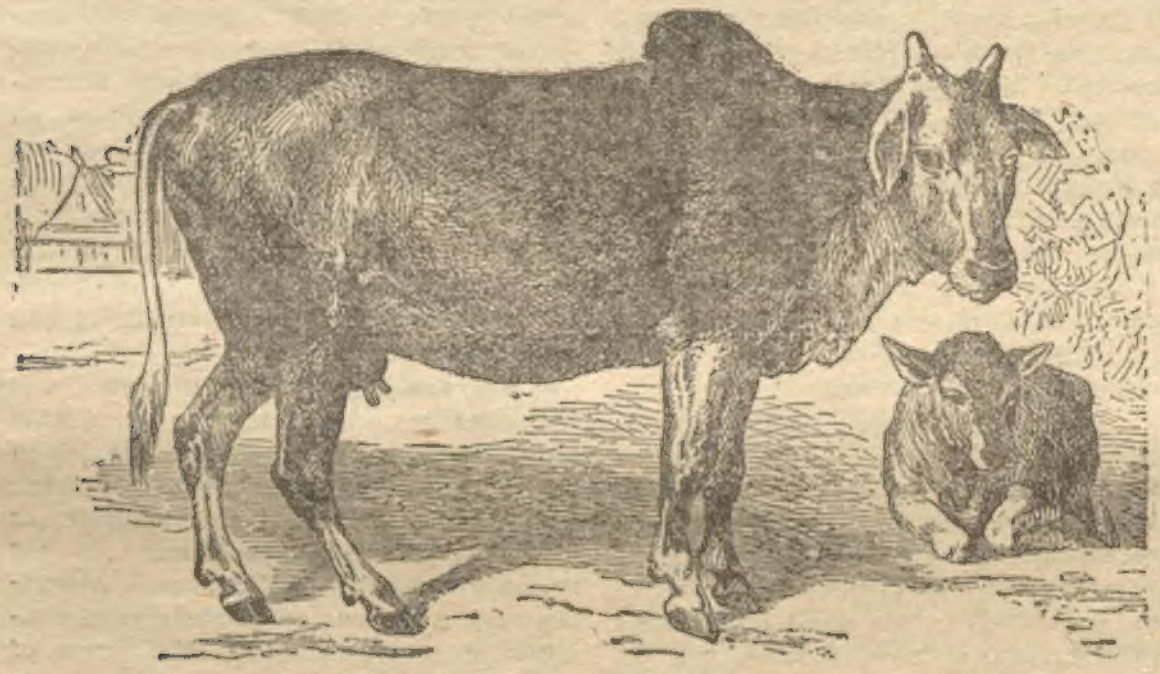
BOYS AND GIRLS

The Story of Durgamma

(By Miss M. L. Christlieb, of Anantapur, India.)

(Abridged from a publication of the 'London Missionary Society.)

It stood at the end of the bazaar, a little tumble-down mud hut, with thatched roof; windows it boasted none; one rickety door had to admit people and cattle, and



THE SACRED COW OF INDIA.

light and air, and allow exit to the smoke from the tiny fireplace within as well. There was not much cattle to come through, only one buffalo cow, bald and black and ugly as all buffaloes are, for they say in India, 'God made the cow, and the devil saw it and tried to make one too, but it turned out a buffalo.' The inhabitants of the cottage, however, thought much of it, for it was their principal source of income. In the morning the mother milked it and churned the milk into butter, and then the butter was clarified and sold as 'ghee,' that indispensable article of food in India.

Small as the hut was, it held, beside the buffalo (who was considered the chief inhabitant and had the best corner at night for itself), a family of father and mother and five children, four of whom were girls. There dwelt little happiness amongst them and great poverty. The wife, whose name was Durgamma, would often repair to the sacred tree in the village where stood the huge stone idol, and offer some of her precious 'ghee' and some flowers to propitiate the goddess and avert coming disaster; she took all the little girls with her and taught them to worship the stone and repeat the name of the goddess; it might have been Ghaliyamma or Yellamma, or many others; these are all so many different forms of the dread goddess Kali, the great mother, who yet has no mother-heart at all in her, but loves to destroy and to kill, so that in former times human sacrifices were constantly offered her, and at her chief shrines in the large cities in India she is represented as a monster with bloody lips and a necklace of skulls.

Poor Durgamma had never heard of a divine Being whose character was love; she knew but the sacred image under the tree and reverenced it in ignorant superstition and fear. When Durgamma heard that her husband had at last carried out his threat to leave her she fell down and knocked her forehead on the ground, weeping and wailing bitterly. 'What have I done that such a thing should happen to me? Why have the gods cursed me with this dreadful fate? I shall be considered a widow like Achamma, whose husband died the other day, and who is so despised now, and everybody says she must have been very wicked in a former life that such misfortune should overtake her. What shall I do? What shall I do?'

And, indeed, she had reason to bewail herself. It is not easy to describe to those living in Christian countries how wretched is the life of widows and deserted wives in India. Dark, miserable days followed in the little hut, and Durgamma grew despairing and reckless. 'They all say I am a widow and a bad woman. I don't care any more if I do get bad.'

As she was talking one day, Obana, the only son in the family, rushed in, saying, 'Girls, come and look! There is a padre dhora (European gentleman) in the bazaar and others are with him. They are singing and talking, and a lot of people are listening. But mind you don't go too near; they say he has little bottles of medicine about him, and when no one is looking he squirts it over some people, and then their caste is broken and they are bewitched.'

They all rushed out to see the unusual sight, and did not return till a couple of hours later, chattering like magpies. 'The dhora asked me if I would like to go to school,' repeated Obana, breathlessly, 'but I said I could not, I must take the buffalo out, and, besides, I'd rather play marbles with the other boys.' . . .

'Go and clean this rice,' said her mother wrathfully, 'and don't stand there wasting your time. And you, Obana, take out the buffalo; it is overlate already. What the dhora says may be all right for the white people, but what does he know about us?'

However, the dhora did get to know about Durgamma. Through a chain of circumstances, too long to relate here, he heard all her story, and one day he paid her a visit. 'Durgamma,' he said, 'you are having a hard time. Now, I will tell you something. Would you like to give me those three little girls of yours and the boy, too? Then I would send them to school and educate them and see that they grow up good and useful. They are running wild here and learning many bad things, and you, yourself,' he added sorrowfully, 'are not setting them a good example. You have grown careless since your husband left you, Durgamma, and the children are not learning good things in this house.'

Durgamma burst into tears. 'Yes, yes; take them,' she said. 'They will grow wicked here. I don't want them to be bad like me. It will be better for them at school.'

And so it came to pass. Obana went to a Christian training institution, where he is getting on very well; he has learnt something about the Lord Jesus and has been baptized, and is now called Nathanael, and the three little girls have received the names of Priscilla, Rachel, and Salome. Priscilla has grown into a big girl, and shows that she is a true Christian by trying to help in small ways of unselfishness the other girls in our Christian girls' boarding school. She is not very clever at her books, but she can turn her hands to all houshold tasks very well.

WORSHIPING THE GODDESS KALI.

Is that the end of the story, you ask? What about Durgamma the mother, and the eldest daughter, Sundri? Ah, my story has not a nice ending at all, and if you only like happy endings you had better not read mine. Sundri and her mother are both dead now. Durgamma became a servant in the missionary's home, but

the ways of heathendom were so deeply ingrained in her that she did not care to try to learn; whether any ray of light and understanding penetrated her darkened heart it would be difficult to say. The service of sin is a hard service, and poor Durgamma found it so; her end was so tragic and so sad that I cannot tell you about it here. Are you not glad that the three daughters are saved from a similar fate, which in all human probability would have been theirs?

Suppose someone had come to Durgamma when she was a little girl and taught her to serve Jesus as her little daughters are being taught now, would not her life have been quite different? And if little Sundri had known about the Saviour, and had married a Christian man who himself tried to follow Christ, how much misery, and probably an untimely death, would she have been spared! And there are now thousands and thousands of little girls in India who never have a chance to hear about the Lord Jesus, and they are growing up into superstitious ignorant women, with no power to resist evil and to overcome temptation. Shall we not try and help some of them before it is too late?

The Unsteady Hand.

('League Journal.')

'There is a greater curse than drunkenness,' said Dr. Grantley.

'It may be so,' I answered; 'but it so happens that I am not aware of its name or existence.'

'Moderate drinking,' said the doctor, with an emphasis of tone and manner that showed him to be very much in earnest.

Dr. Grantley was somewhat of an enthusiast on the subject of temperance; yet a clear, strong thinker. I did not expect from him any special pleading or begging of the question.

'I would like to hear you make good the assertion,' I replied.

'Nothing is easier. The fact is so plain that I am surprised it is not seen by everyone.'

'I am all attention. Make it plain to me,' said I.

'You do not trust a drunkard in any responsible position,' he replied. 'You would not, if he were a lawyer, give an important cause into his hands; nor if he were a surgeon, risk him with a delicate operation. Known drunkards are not put in command of ships, nor in charge of steam engines, nor assigned to places where life, property, or important interests are at stake. Once class a man with drunkards, and you narrow his influence, both for good or evil, to a small circle. You rule him out of the great world of action, and render him comparatively harmless. He is his own worst enemy—disgusting to all around him; but of this much use, that he is a living expounder of the evils of intemperance, teaching by example their saddest and most humiliating lesson.

'But your respectable, virtuous, high-minded moderate drinkers,' the doctor continued, 'hold to society a very different relation. They command your ships and armies; they are your lawyers, your surgeons, your engineers, your merchants and manufacturers, with whom you risk your goods and money. You trust them with your highest and best worldly interests. And it never seems to occur to you that they who drink sometimes tarry long at the wine; and may, in some fatal moment, when a clear head or steady hand is the only guaranty of success or safety, hurt you, through a slight and temporary incapacity, beyond repair.'

I drew a long, deep breath, as the magnitude of a danger I had not thought of loomed up before me with an almost appalling distinctness.

'While we count the drunkards who are not trusted, by tens,' said the doctor, 'we may count this other class, who hold our lives and property in their hands, by thousands.'

I observed that Dr. Grantley's voice had in it a low thrill, and that he was unusually disturbed. 'You feel strongly on this subject,' said I.

'There is cause,' he answered, dropping his tones and bending his head forward as though a weight had fallen on it suddenly. He was silent for an unusually long time.

'I will give you,' he said at length, 'an illustration of what I mean. Are you at leisure for half an hour?'

'Entirely at your service.'

'I drink nothing stronger than tea or coffeee, as you are aware. Once I took my glass of wine at dinner and in social circles. It was genteel; had in it a smack of good breeding and familiarity with society. I cultivated the little vanities of connoisseurship, and talked in the usual self-satisfied way of brands, vintages, flavours, and the like, as fluently as anyone. I had, so to speak, all the wine-lingos at my finger ends, and was not a little proud of the accomplishment.

'My special work, as you know, is surgery—a work that, of all others, requires the clear head and steady hand. There are occasions when, if the knife passes by an hundredth part of an inch from the right direction, a fatal result is inevitable. We cut down into the quivering flesh, and grope about darkly among sensitive nerves and life-blood arteries, with death waiting eagerly for some fatal breach in the delicate organism.

'We hear frequent allusion made to steadying the nerves with wine or brandy. I was sufficiently well acquainted with the action of this class of stimulants on myself, to ignore them altogether for at least twenty-four hours prior to the performance of even the lightest surgical operation. I would have regarded it as criminal to take a glass of wine just before using the scalpel, because its effect would have been to disturb the free and rapid directions of my will to the cutting hand, hindering, confusing, and, it might be, rendering death certain where I was trying to save life.

'I know that it is the custom with some surgeons to steady their nerves with wine or brandy before going to the operating table; but I think it will be found in nearly all of these cases that the habitual use of these articles has substituted an artificial for a normal steadiness of nerve, and that the stimulant has become a necessity through abuse. It is said of professional gamblers that many of them rigidly abstain from drink in order to secure clear heads and steady hands for their infamous work. The surgeon, of all other men, should profit by their example.'

'Did it not occur to you,' I said, 'that in your own social use of wines you were gradually substituting this general artificial steadiness of nerve for the natural and healthy, and that, in time, your abstinence, preliminary to using the knife, might defeat the end in view—that Nature might not rally her forces quickly enough after the withdrawal of substitutes?'

'Yes; this very thought that you suggest did often present itself, but I pushed it aside; it was not agreeable, and I would not look it calmly in the face. I had come to like the taste of wine, and to enjoy a social glass with my friends.

'Surgery was my first love, and I pursued its study and practice with an interest and ardour that never abated. My opportunities were good, and I made the best of them. After acting as assistant in a large hospital for two years I went to Paris and Vienna, spending two years in the admirably-conducted hospitals of those cities under circumstances of special advantage. Returning, I entered, at the age of twenty-six, on the practice of my profession. In five years I had established a reputation as wide as the country. Many of my operations—some of them almost unheard of in the profession—were reported in our own, and transferred to foreign medical journals. I had more than the fame I coveted.

'There was a period in my professional life when scarcely a day passed without some call on me for the skill that lay in my practised hand, and scarcely a week without some prolonged and difficult or dangerous operation. The strain on my nerves was very great—the amount depending very much on the character and condition of my patients, and the degree of risk involved.

'It was about this time, when reports of my brilliant operations were spoken of as a perpetual surprise, that the event occurred which I am about to relate.

'I had a friend, older by several years, with whom I had long been intimate. He had watched my professional debut and career with an interest as deep as he could have felt in a brother; and he was very proud of my success. One day he came to my office, and after a word or two, said, a look of concern settling over his face, "I wish you would call in and examine a lump on Miriam's neck."

'He spoke of his wife.

'"What kind of a lump?' I asked.

'"It is about the size of a walnut, and is increasing in size, I think, quite rapidly."

'"It may be only the temporary swelling of a gland," I remarked, with assumed indifference. "Is it sore to the touch?"

'"Not in the least; but Miriam begins to complain of a sense of obstruction, as if there were pressure on a blood-vessel. I've wished to speak to you about it for some time, but she would not consent."

'"Only about the size of a walnut?" I inquired.

'"Maybe a little larger, though not much."

'"I will call round this afternoon and look at it," said I. "Tell Mrs. Baldwin to expect me about four o'clock. You will be at home?"

'"Oh, yes," he replied, and turned to go. But there were questions in his mind that he could not leave without asking. "Doctor," he said, coming back, and sitting down, "this may seem a very small matter in your eyes, but I am seriously troubled. It is no swelling of the gland, but a tumor. Of that I am satisfied."

'He looked searchingly into my face.

'"What is the exact location?" I asked.

'"On a line with the ear, and just above the collar-bone."

'We were both silent for a time.

'"As I said, doctor," my friend resumed, "this thing has troubled me from the be-

ginning. It rests like a heavy weight on my spirits. It shadows me with a strange foreboding. I am foolish, perhaps."

'"Over-sensitive about anything that touches one so dear as your wife," I answered, with a smile. "It is natural. But don't give yourself needless anxiety. Tumors in the neck are usually benignant, as we say, and surgical skill ensures their removal."

'"Can they not be extirpated, without using the knife," he asked—"reabsorbed by a restored healthy action of the parts?"

'"In rare instances this has occurred, but there is no established treatment on which we can rely. In my own practice I have not met with a single case where a well-developed tumor was reabsorbed by a normal action of the parts."

'"At four o'clock this afternoon, doctor?" Mr. Baldwin arose.

'"At four promptly," I answered, and he went away.

'Mrs. Baldwin received me with a quiet cheerfulness of manner, saying, "My husband is apt to worry himself about little things, as you are aware."

'Her composure was only assumed; I felt that as her hand lay in mine. My first diagnosis was not satisfactory, and I found great difficulty in concealing the doubts that troubled me. The swelling was clearly outlined, but not so sharply protuberant as I had been led to suppose by the likeness to a walnut which my friend had suggested. I feared from its shape and presentation at the surface, and also from the fact that the patient complained of a sense of pressure on the vessels of the neck, that the tumor was deeply seated, and much larger than my friend had suggested. But I was most concerned as to its character. Being hard and perceptibly modulated, there was in my mind an apprehension that it might prove malignant in character, and the apprehension was made stronger by the fact that my patient had a scrofulous diathesis.

'There was no congestion of the veins, nor discoloration of the skin around the hard protuberance; no pulsation, elasticity, fluctuation, or soreness. Only a solid lump that I recognised as the small section or lobule of a deeply-seated tumor, already beginning to press upon and obstruct the blood vessels. It might be fibrous or albuminous—benignant or malignant; which, in this my first diagnosis, I was not able to determine. But for the constitutional habits of the patient, I would have concluded favorably.

'It was not easy to veil my concern from Mr. Baldwin, who followed me downstairs, after I had finished the examination, and plied me with eager questions.

'"Deal plainly with me, doctor," he said. "I wish to know exactly what you think. Don't conceal anything."

'His blanching lips, and voice pitched to a low key that its tremor might be hidden, told plainly enough that I must conceal every apprehension that troubled me.

'"It presents all the indications of what we call a fibrous tumor," said I.

'"Are they of a malignant type?" he asked, with suspended breath.

'"No; they are entirely harmless, but for their mechanical pressure on surrounding vessels, tissues, and organs."

'He caught his breath with a deep sigh of relief; then asked:

'"Is there any danger in their removal?"

'"None," I replied.

'"Have you ever taken a tumor from the neck?" he asked.

'"More than a dozen."

'"Were you always successful?"

'"Always."

'His breath came more freely. Then, after a little pause, he said:

'"There will have to be an operation in this case?" I saw his lips grow white again.

'"I fear that it cannot be avoided."

'"There is one comfort," Mr. Baldwin remarked, his voice rallying to an almost cheerful tone, "the tumor is small, and evidently superficial in its character. The knife will not have to go very deep among the arteries, veins, and nerves so thickly gathered about the neck."

'I did not correct his error.

'"How long will it take?" he next queried.

'"Not very long," I answered, evasively.

'"Ten minutes?"

'"Yes; perhaps a little longer."

'"She will not be conscious of pain?"

'"No; no more conscious than if she were a sweetly sleeping infant."

'Mr. Baldwin walked nervously the whole length of the parlor twice; then stood still in front of me.

'"Doctor," he said, solemnly, "I place her in your hands. She will consent to anything I may conclude it best to do. We have entire confidence in your judgment and skill."

'He stopped short, and turned partly away to hide excess of feeling. Rallying after a moment, he continued, with a forced smile on his lips:

'"To your professional eyes I show unmanly weakness. But you must bear in mind how very dear she is, doctor! It makes me shiver in every nerve to think of the knife going down into her tender flesh. You might cut me to pieces if that would save her."

'"Your fears exaggerate the reality, Mr. Baldwin," I replied. "She will go into a deep sleep, and while she dreams pleasant dreams, we will simply dissect out the tumor, with all its foreign accumulations, and leave the healthy organs to continue their action under the old laws of unobstructed life."

'"I am weak and foolish, I know," he answered; "but I can't help it. The whole thing touches too nearly home."

'As I was leaving, he said, "Doctor, how soon ought it to be done?"

'"The sooner the better," I returned. "After the hot weather is over. Say in October. In the meantime I will carefully watch its growth and condition."

'My next examination of the tumor, made in about a fortnight, satisfied me that it was deeply seated, and probably as large as a small orange. The protruding portion was only a small lobe of the foreign body. A substance so large, and of so hard a texture, must necessarily cause serious displacement of the blood-vessels, nerves, glands, and muscles of the neck, and render an early extirpation necessary to save life. In the two weeks there had been perceptible growth.

'During the next two months I saw Mrs. Baldwin frequently, and noticed with concern increasing signs of pressure on the carotids, indicated by a slight suffusion of the face. The middle of October was set down as the time when the operation should be made. As the period approached, I felt a nervous dread about the case. I had consulted the most distinguished surgeon in the city, my senior by over fifteen years. His diagnosis agreed in every particular with my own. We were satisfied that it was a fibrous tumor, non-malignant, but so deeply cast among the great vessels, and probably so attached to their sheaths, as to render extirpation a difficult, and, without great caution, a dangerous operation.

'This was the only case in all my practice where I felt like transferring the responsibility to another, not because of the difficulty (that would have quickened my ardor), but because Mrs. Baldwin was the tenderly beloved wife of the oldest, warmest, and truest friend I possessed, and I knew that personal feeling would come in, and might disturb the cool equilibrium of mind so essential to skill and steadiness of hand.

'As the time approached, my concern increased. So oppressive did this become that at last I sent for Mr. Baldwin, and seriously proposed that Dr. B——, the eminent surgeon, to whom I have just referred, should be called on to perform the operation.

'"He is older, and has a larger experience," I said. "All the profession award to him the first place in our city, if not in the country."

'"I have no doubt of his skill," replied my friend, speaking in a firm, decided way, "but his skill is not supplemented with sobriety. You know that as well as I do. His habit of drinking too freely has become a thing of common notoriety, and is gradually destroying public confidence. Oh, no, doctor! The hand that cuts down into her dear flesh must be steadied by healthy nerves, and not by wine or brandy. I will not hear of it! The man is a drunkard. I call his habitual and excessive use of strong drinks by its right name, and so I set him aside. I will not run any risks with a drunkard. He hangs out a sign on which is written, Beware! I read it, and pass over to the other side, getting out of the way of danger."

'I felt strongly the force of all this, and said no more about Dr. B——. The day came at last. Ten o'clock was the hour at which the operation was to be performed. For two whole days I had strictly abstained from even a glass of wine, giving my nervous system that long period in which to recover the natural steadiness which might have been weakened through overaction occasioned by stimulants.

'Mr. Baldwin called on me as early as eight o'clock. He was very nervous, and, oppressed by evil forebodings. The number and variety of the questions he had to ask annoyed me; for I could not answer them truthfully, without adding to his overwrought fears. Not that I apprehended danger, for I was master of my profession, and knew the exact location of every artery, vein, nerve, gland, and muscle among which I had to pass the scalpel. Nay, in order to make assurance doubly sure, I had spent an hour in the dissecting-room on the day before, giving to the anatomical organism of the neck a new and close examination. I had but to extirpate a tumor —badly located, it is true—and this any skilful surgeon might safely accomplish. A steady and confident hand, and favoring circumstances were all that he desired.

'I carefully concealed my annoyance under a light, almost playful exterior, and rallied him for his unmanly weakness; called the operation one of minor importance, involving little risk. I could not reassure him, however. A shadow of coming evil

rested darkly on his spirits.

'At ten o'clock, accompanied by three assistants, one of them a surgeon of tried skill, I repaired to the house of my friend. The white face and scared look of the servant who admitted us, and asked us to go up to the front chamber in the second story, were something familiar to my professional eyes, and did not in the least disturb the equipoise of mind essential to my work. In the hall above, Mr. Baldwin's trembling hand grasped mine with a silent pressure. I smiled as I said, "Good morning!" in an unconcerned voice, and passed into the room where the operation was to be made. The table I had selected was there. Quickly and silently, acting from previous concert, we placed this table in the best relation to the light, arranged instruments, bandages, and all things necessary to the work in hand; and then, after giving to this preparation all the temporary concealment in our power, announced our readiness.

'In a moment after, Mrs. Baldwin entered from the adjoining chamber. She was a beautiful woman, in the prime of life. Never had she looked more beautiful than now. Her strong will had mastered fear; and strength, courage, and resignation looked out from her clear eyes, and rested on her firm lips.

'She smiled, but did not speak. I took her by the hand, and led her to the table on which she was to lie during the operation, saying, as I did so, "It will all be over in a few minutes, and you won't feel it as much as a pin-scratch."

'As soon as she was in position, an assistant, according to arrangement, presented the sponge, saturated with ether, and in two minutes complete anaesthesia was produced. On the instant I made an incision, and cut quickly down to the tumor. It was a hard, fibrous substance; and a few carefully made efforts to dissect it away from the surrounding parts confirmed my previous opinion that it was large and deeply seated. But I understood my business, and was now so entirely interested in what I was doing, that I forgot my patient's identity, and so pursued the work in hand with a concentration of thought and purpose that gave science and skill their best result. It took fully twenty-five minutes to separate the tumor from all the blood-vessels, nerves, and muscles it had involved. At the end of thirty minutes, we bore our patient, still insensible, to her bed in the adjoining chamber, and laid her down gently, as one in quiet sleep—the ordeal safely over.

'I shall never forget the look of sweet thankfulness that came into her eyes, as, not long after, I told her that the operation so long dreaded had been safely performed.

'"And I knew nothing of it," she whispered; then added, shutting her eyes, and speaking to herself, "It is wonderful! Thank God for this, among other manifold blessings!"

'As for my friend, he wrung my hands, and cried for excess of joy with unmanly weakness. A surgeon sees much of human nature on this side. My hand was in tremor now, and my nerves ajar. I went back to my office, and took a glass of wine to steady them. Two hours afterwards I called on my patient, and found her sleeping; and at four o'clock I called again. At five I was engaged to dine at the house of a professional friend, and meet some gentlemen from a neighboring city. Everything was, apparently, in safe condition, and I went to my dinner engagement with a mind altogether at ease.

Dr. ——, at whose house I dined that day, was what we called a good liver, and dainty in wines. He liked to talk of his well-filled cellar, and of the brands and vintages from which it was stocked; and he usually succeeded in transferring to his guests a measure of his own weakness. Contagion works easily in this direction.

There were, on this occasion, four or five different kinds of wine on the table, and our host seemed to feel that in no better way could he manifest hospitality than in pressing us often to drink. The abstinence I had practised for a couple of days, and the relief of mind felt in consequence of the successful result of an operation I had almost dreaded to perform, naturally led me to a freer use of the tempting liquors that were set before us. As bottle after bottle was opened, and the vintage announced, we filled our glasses, sipped, praised, and drank, greatly to the satisfaction of our host, who flattered himself that we were connoisseurs and full of admiration for his exquisite taste in selection.

'I was just lifting my fifth glass when a servant, stooping to my ear, said, "Doctor, you are called for in haste."

'Rising, I asked to be excused for a moment, and went downstairs. One of my students was in the hall.

'"What is it, Harding!" I asked.

'"An artery in Mrs. Baldwin's neck has commenced bleeding, and they have sent for you to come as quickly as possible."

'"Have you my instrument case?" I inquired.

'"Yes, sir."

'"And the carriage?"

'"Yes, sir."

'"Ether?"

'"Everything that can be needed," he answered.

'"Thank you, Harding! Thank you! Your thoughtful promptness has saved much time." I hurried into the carriage with my student, and drove rapidly to the house of Mr. Baldwin.

'If I could have forgotten the fact of having taken so freely of wine, the stimulant of the occasion might have overridden the excess, and given me the steady hand and clear mental poise so much needed now. But, so far from forgetting, the fact threw itself with a shock into my consciousness; and with almost a shiver of alarm, I noted a mental confusion and want of physical command, that unfitted me for any use of the surgeon's knife. But the exigency was pressing. I could not tell, until I saw my patient, how copious the hemorrhage might be, nor how immediate the danger.

'Mr. Baldwin met me on my entrance, looking greatly alarmed.

'"Oh, doctor! I am so glad you have come! I was afraid she might bleed to death."

'"No danger of that," I answered, with feigned unconcern. "Some small artery, not well ligated, has given way, and will have to be tied again."

'Ah, if he could have seen the low shiver running along my nerves, as the closing words of the sentence struck my own ears! Not that the re-ligation of an artery under the circumstances was a very difficult or serious affair. It was my condition that made the case one of extreme peril.

'Don't think,' said the doctor, 'that I was what is called "the worse for wine." Under almost any other circumstances, except those thrust upon me so unexpectedly, I would hardly have noticed a difference of sensation or condition.'

He paused, wiping the sweat from his forehead, then resumed:

'I found, on reaching my patient, that one of the largest of the small arteries I had deemed it necessary to cut in separating the tumor from surrounding tissues was bleeding freely. Half a dozen handkerchiefs and napkins had already been saturated with blood. The case demanded prompt treatment. I must open the wound, find the artery, and tie it again.

'Ether was promptly given, and as soon as the patient was fairly under its influence I removed the dressings, and cut the few sutures with which I had drawn the wound together. The cavity left by the tumour was full of blood. After removing this with sponges, I could see, at the extreme lower end of the orifice, a free jet of blood, and knew just the artery that must again be taken up and tied. The surrounding part had swollen, thus embedding the mouth of the artery, and I could not discover it without cutting deeper. To this I proceeded, but with a nervous unsteadiness of hand, such as I had never experienced in all my professional life—a nervousness increased by a knowledge of the fact that the internal jugular vein was only a few lines distant from the keen-pointed edge of the bistoury, with which I was cutting down to get at the bleeding artery.

'There came a single moment in which I lost a clear perception of what I was doing. I seemed smitten suddenly with both physical and mental blindness, as if some malignant spirit, coming nearer through the disordered condition wrought by unnatural stimulation, took possession of all my powers, and in an instant wrought an evil that no human agency could repair. A sound it had never been my misfortune to hear before—startled me to an agonising sense of what my unnerved hand had done in a fatal moment of oblivion. Too well I knew the meaning of that loud hissing, sucking, and gurgling that smote my ear. I had wounded the jugular vein, and air was rushing in!

'If I had possessed full command of myself, as in the morning, immiment as the danger was, I would have been calm, and I think equal to the emergency. As it was, the new and perilous condition of my patient, that demanded prompt and intelligent action, paralysed me for several moments, and I only aroused to a full apprehension of the case and its duties, by seeing my patient begin to struggle for breath as she inspired. Her face, which had been slightly flushed, became deadly pale and distressed.

'To close the wound I had made, and stop the influx of air, must be done immediately, or nothing could save her life. Already sufficient air had entered to alter the condition of the blood in the right cavities of the heart, and prevent its free transmission to the lungs through the pulmonary arteries. Life and death hung on every instant of time. I groped, blindly, for the wound. I found it, failed, in my terrible confusion, in a prompt application of pressure to the exact point.

'Too late! too late! I cannot dwell on the particulars. By the time I could close the fatal wound, the destroyer's work was done. I opened, in my despair—clear-headed and firm-handed enough now—the right jugular, and passing a flexible tube into the auricle, tried by suction to empty the

heart of the air and blood which had been churned up there into a spumous mass. But too much time had been lost, and my patient was beyond the reach of human skill. She sank rapidly, and in less than half an hour the last feeble pulses died.'

Dr. Grantley was strongly agitated. 'In pity for myself, I drop a veil over what followed,' he said, after sitting for a long time like one in a dream. 'Out from that agonising past I have lifted this fearful thing that it may stand as a lesson and a warning. If I had been a drunkard, no such catastrophe could have happened in my practice; for men will not trust a drunkard in any case where the issue is life or death. But I was a respectable, trusted, moderate drinker, able to take four or five glasses of wine without betraying the fact to common observation; and so too frequently in a state that unfitted me for the delicate and often dangerous operations I was at any moment liable to be called to perform.

'From that day to this, no stimulating draught has passed my lips. If I am fanatical, as some have said, in the matter of temperance, you have the explanation. And now, I re-assert, what I said in the beginning, that society is hurt more by moderate drinking than by drunkenness—yes, a thousand-fold more. Towards the drunkard we are ever on our guard; but we take the moderate drinker into our closest confidence, and entrust him with our highest and dearest interests; and all the while, through a weak self-indulgence, he is consorting with an enemy that enters when we open our doors to welcome him, and, in some unguarded and unsuspecting moment, injures us, it may be, beyond repair!'

The Lesson 'Bob' Learned

(By Delavan Richmond, in 'Ram's Horn.')

'Father, why is it that Jimmie Ostrand always goes in rags and with holes in his shoes?'

The boy who asked this question was 'Bob' Hendricks, as his schoolmates called him.

'I'll tell you, Robert,' said Mr. Hendricks, as he looked out over his productive fields, glanced at their newly painted house and well-kept lawn, and then up at the groaning lofts and overflowing granaries of the big barn, where they were standing, 'I'll tell you what to do. Go over and call on Jimmie this afternoon and see if you can discover any reason why they are poor and why we are in what people call comfortable circumstances. Jack Ostrand and I were boys together in the same class at the old brick schoolhouse over there. Both of us were given equal opportunities, in fact, Jack had a good deal better start than I did. Go over and see Jimmie this afternoon and tell me if you can understand any better why they are so very poor.'

Bob went over to see Jimmie and carried a couple of his pet fan-tail doves with him, for he knew how fond Jimmie was of doves and that he only had two or three of a very ordinary kind.

At the supper-table that night Bob was very quiet, but when they had all settled themselves about the grate fire, he said: 'Father, I believe I know why they are poor over at Jimmie's.'

'Why so?' said Mr. Hendricks.

'Well,' said Bob, 'Jimmie told me what big crops they had had this year, and I said to him, "Jimmie, you ought to be able to have a new house and barn and ever so many good things from all that." Then I sat down and figured it out for him. "Well," he replied, "I don't know how it is, but we never can have any nice things. It must all go to pay debts, just as it did last year, and all the years before, ever since I can remember."

'"Come on down to the barn, Jimmie," I said to him, "and let us have some fun with these doves. They are awfully cunning." When we got there we found corn scattered half over the floor, the wheat and oat bins were leaking and two or three big rats scampered for their holes.

'We went down where the horses were kept and I noticed there were holes in all the boxes, so that the corn and oats would rattle through. Jimmie drove the cows off from the cornfield half a dozen times while I was there, and about twenty shocks of corn had been torn to pieces. They don't take proper care of their things.'

'You are right, Robert,' said Mr. Hendricks. 'Economy and thrift are two great factors of success. They are just what Jack Ostrand lacks. His land is more productive than ours, he works harder than we do, and yet he never sells near as much produce as we do. It is wasted. His debts simply indicate lack of thrift. He has never made it a rule to try to have more in the bank at the end of the year than he began with. I even doubt if he has a bank account at all. The farm and property came to him, when his father died, free of debt. He thought that the old gentleman was close and stingy, because he was so careful not to let anything go to waste. He immediately went into debt in order to get new machinery. That would have been all right if he had taken care of it and paid his debts, but he didn't and the debt has grown larger instead of smaller until now the home is heavily mortgaged and he may lose it.

'Saving creates independence, it gives a young man standing. It fills him with vigor, it stimulates him with the proper energy; in fact, it brings to him the best part of any success—happiness and contentment. If it were possible to inject the quality of saving into every boy we would have a great many more real men.

'If you are careful to make "economy" and "thrift" your watchwords you will do a great deal more for yourself, for the uplift of others and for your God than I have done, because you will probably have a great deal better opportunity than I had.'

Manhood Greater than Wealth.

If a man is to have money in any great amount, he will not be safe unless he has already in his possession a strong character. Money is at once a source of strength and weakness, but the young man in this story, told in the 'Voice,' evidently was prepared to find it a means of power for good.

A very interesting story is told of a young clerk in a dry goods store, who has recently come into possession of a large fortune by inheritance from a distant relative. The young man was one day called to his employer's private office and listened with amazement to the news as it was imparted to him by a lawyer.

'I suppose I must not expect your services as a clerk any longer,' said the merchant with a smile. 'I shall be sorry to lose you.'

'Oh, I shall stay my month out of course, sir,' said the boy, promptly. 'I shouldn't want to break my word just because I've had some money left me.

The two elder men exchanged glances. The money referred to was nearly $300,000.

'Well,' said the lawyer, stroking his mouth to conceal his expression. I should like an hour of your time between ten and four to-morrow, my young friend, as it will be necessary for you to read and sign some papers.'

'Yes, sir,' said the clerk; 'I always take my luncheon at 11.45. I'll take that hour for you, instead, to-morrow. If I eat a good breakfast I can get along all right until six o'clock.'

That was a sensible boy. He had hold of the right end of life. It is not what we have, but what we are which counts most. That is what Christ meant when he said, 'A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.'—'Presbyterian Witness.'

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year is well worth a dollar.

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King Edward and his Physicians—'American Medicine.'
Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour—'Commercial Advertiser.
The Retiring British Premier—'Commercial Advertiser.'
The Triple Alliance—'The Spectator,' London.
Lord Goschen on the Corn Duty—'Morning Post,' London.
Captain Mahan on the Disposition of Navies—'The Times,' London.
An Ancient Battle Cry—London 'Telegraph.'
A Negro Reformer—Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Case of Musolino—'The Lancet,' London.
The Passing of Finland—By G. C. Musgrave, in the Manchester 'Guardian.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

A New Discovery in Oil Painting—Paris Correspondence of 'The Times,' London.
England and the Renaissance—Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Vigil—'Punch,' London.
To Charles Napier Evans—Poem, by H. D. Rawnsley, in Westminster 'Budget.'
The Laborer's Song—'The Pilot,' London.
The Three Best Things—Poem by Henry Van Dyke, in 'The Outlook.'
Prayers—Poem by Henry Charles Beeching.
He Who Knows a Book—'The Presbyterian.'
The Laureate's Latest—'The Pilot,' London.
A Remarkable Prophecy by Jules Verne—By John N Raphael, in the 'Daily Mail,' London.
Will the Novel Disappear?—'The Spectator,' London.
Books to be Read Aloud—Springfield 'Republican.'
An Old Novel—By Andrew Lang, in 'The Morning Post,' London.
A Book to Make the Reader Happy—New York 'Tribune.'
The Question of Censorship—'The Academy and Literature,' London.
Around the Garden—'Commercial Advertiser.'
Problems of Providence—'Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Life and Death—'Academy and Literature.'
The Prolongation of Life in Sea Urchin's Eggs—'American Medicine.'
The Nature of Life and Nerve Action—By Dr. Andrew Wilson, in 'The Illustrated London News.'
Children's Reading—'Evening Post,' New York.
Physicians' Golden Age—By Ex Attache, in Boston 'Evening Transcript.'
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Flo's Fairy Day.

(By Effie Heywood.)

'O, dear, it's so tiresome just to be a little girl!' said Flo. 'I wish I was a fairy; then I could do what I liked. I wouldn't have to go to school and learn my lessons or help mamma. I should wear lovely rings and just eat cake and sweet things whenever I was hungry.'

'So you would like to be a fairy?' asked, mamma, who was sewing by the nursery window. 'Well dear—let me see—you can try it to-morrow. You can be a fairy for the entire day.'

'Really?' cried Flo.

'Yes,' said mamma, gravely. 'You can be a play fairy. I will make you some wings and you can do what you like all day.'

'And not go to school?' asked Flo, excitedly, 'or mind baby brother, or anything?'

'No,' said mamma, 'fairies don't do those things. You can tell me about it when you come back as my little girl to-morrow night.'

So mamma made Flo some paper wings, and a gold paper crown for her head, and early the next morning she went out into the garden. When schooltime came, Ellen Dean, who was Flo's best friend, went by alone, and Flo was half sorry she could not join her.

'Aren't you coming to school?' asked Ellen. 'And what are you wearing those wings for?'

'I'm going to be a fairy to day,' replied Flo; 'it's lots of fun. Mamma says I needn't go to school.'

'O, dear, how foolish!' answered practical little Ellen; 'we were going up to the Benson's pasture at recess and mother baked a little tart for you and me. Well, I'm glad I'm not a fairy.'

Flo watched her until she disappeared down the road, then she turned, half regretted, and walked back to the seat under the apple tree.

About the middle of the forenoon Uncle Dick drove over from the mill in the old depot waggon that Flo enjoyed so much to ride in. He wanted to take mamma and Flo and baby brother to the village, but when he saw Flo he laughed. 'What are the wings for?' he asked.

'I'm a fairy,' said Flo, soberly.

'Oh!' said Uncle Dick, and he laughed again.

'Of course a fairy would never ride in a depot waggon,' said mamma, 'because it would not be half fine enough and her wings would crush.' Then she turned to Uncle Dick. 'I would like to go,' she said, 'but the baby is fretty this morning, so I couldn't take him, and there is no one to tend him, for Norah is busy with the ironing.'

'Let Flo take him,' suggested Uncle Dick, but mamma shook her head.

'No,' she said, 'Flo is a fairy, so she couldn't care for a baby. I really can't go, although I wish I could.'

So Uncle Dick drove away, and mamma went back into the house. Flo played all the fairy games she could think of, and danced and sang and made flower chains until dinner time. Norah was cooking the very things Flo liked best, but mamma came to the door to say that her dinner would be carried to the summer house, because fairies did not come to the table. She seemed to know all about them. Flo sat down to a solitary meal, consisting of sandwiches, crackers and cake, for mamma said fairies could never eat beefsteak and vegetables, but even though Flo had her best china set and all the cake she could eat, it did not taste so very good, after all.

The afternoon passed slowly. She saw Norah go out to feed the chickens, and her first impulse was to say, 'I always feed them,' then she remembered she was a fairy, and they never did such things. She began to wish she could finish the square of patchwork that had seemed such a difficult task to her yesterday, and there were berries to be picked for tea, but of course such things were out of the question. She flitted about the orchard on an imaginary horse until she saw the children coming home from school. They were having a merry time and she longed to join them, only she knew they would laugh at her wings. Oh, how tired she was! How still everything seemed, and how the bees hummed—faintly—faintly—

Mamma found her asleep an hour later and carried her up into her own little room. Flo thought she was dreaming when she opened her

eyes.

'O, goody!' were her first words, 'I'm a little girl again, and I'm so glad, mamma.'

Poor mamma looked very tired and Flo put her arms around her neck and kissed her. 'I never want to be a fairy any more.' she said.

Mamma smiled. 'I thought you would learn your lesson, dear, and be my own sensible little girl again. I wanted you to learn how sweet it is to be satisfied with one's own life and with doing every little duty willingly that comes to one. And I want you to remember, my little Flo, that the greatest happiness does not come merely by pleasing one's self.'

And Flo did not forget her lesson. She kept the wings as a reminder of the day she was a fairy.

What a Little Girl Can do.

'A Mother's Story to her Daughter.

Many years ago—I was a little girl then, not over eleven years of age—a great and good man, a missionary, came where your grandparents lived. In those days no children's magazines were published; children did not hear much about the distant heathen lands; and the visit of a real missionary was an event which, long before it happened, became the general topic of conversation. At last he came; a gray-headed athletic sunburnt man. Never shall I forget my impression when on pushing my way through the dense crowd that filled the large hall to overflowing I at last arrived near to the platform upon which the missionary was standing. Upon his noble and earnest face seemed to rest the visible benediction of him in whose service his whole life had been spent. I felt awed and thrilled. Then and there I think I understood a little of the feeling which must run through the heart of him or her who hears the words: 'Well done, thou faithful servant.'

But I have promised to tell you what a little girl can do; and I will not say any more about what I felt. On that evening my sister, your aunt, was with me; she was nearly nine years old then. Her whole heart was full when listening to the missionary telling of the poor, ignorant heathen, amongst whom he had been more than thirty years at work. Your grandfather was a classmate of that missionary; they were very old friends, and after the meeting was over, and whilst the crowd was slowly dispersing, taking us both by the hand, he walked on the platform and asked the missionary if he would come and stay at our house. He accepted the invitation, and half-an-hour later we were all seated round the tea-table at home.

When we were about to retire, the missionary kissed us good-night, and looking earnestly at my sister, who had scarcely said a word since he came home, he laid his hand upon her head, and solemnly said: 'May the God of your father bless you, Mary!' The child seemed deeply moved by his words; she caught hold of his hand, and exclaimed: 'O sir! tell me if there is anything a little girl can do?'

The missionary smiled, 'Yes my child,' he answered, 'a little girl can pray.'

The missionary went; but the serious impression of his visit remained with us. Mary could not be satisfied with praying only. Her heart had been warmed by what she had heard, and though but a little girl she longed to be up and doing too. With your grandmother's consent she began by going round to all her friends, asking them to put their names on her subscription list of a penny a week—the money to be sent to our missionary friend. She met with some rebukes and disappointments, but she kept on; and after many weeks' efforts she found that her list of subscribers had become quite long.

Still the dear child wanted more. She thought what else she could do; and soon, every moment she could spare from her lessons she spent in working little fancy things —dolls' clothes, pincushions, bookmarks, etc., all neatly and prettily made, for she wanted them to sell well.

When she had made a great many of those little articles, she went to some of her friends and asked if they would help her in that work. It was very near Christmas; the children went to work with great zeal, and on Christmas eve a large table was covered with the results of their industry. Your grandmother had asked many of her friends to spend the evening, and had told them of her little girl's hope—that the mission-table would be emptied that night. The dear child was not disappointed; she saw the purse get full as one after another the pretty trifles disappeared; and I do not think there ever was anywhere a happier little girl than she was on that night.

Mary wrote a few lines to the missionary. The letter took many, many months to reach him. No steamers nor railways then shortened the distances, and it was just a year after, on the following Christmas, that the answer came. Judge of Mary's delight when she read that 'the little girl's money' had been used for another little girl, a poor little heathen child who had been abandoned by her cruel mother to be devoured by the crocodiles of the Ganges, who had been rescued by the missionary, taken into his family, and who, after the receipt of the little girl's letter, had been called 'Mary.'

What a little girl could do years ago can still be done now. Little Mary persevered in her good undertaking, and God blessed the work of her hands. Has he not asked: 'Who hath despised the day of small things?'—'Juvenile Missionary Herald.'

Going Off.

('Westminster.')

'Oh, firecracker, round and red,
Come play with me,' the hop-toad said.

The cracker, no reply made he,
But simply spluttered spitefully.

'Why won't you stop and play, my dear?'
Inquired the hop-toad, drawing near.

The cracker gave a crackling cough,
'I can't because I'm going off!'

The hop-toad asked 'You're going where?
And shall you like it when you're there?

'And do you go a pleasant road?'
The cracker's eyes with anger glowed.

Then into an awful rage he flew
And into a thousand pieces, too!

And that was the end of the cracker red;
And the poor hop-toad was dead, dead, dead!

The moral is, 'Don't talk too much,
Or you may need a sling and crutch!'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edge, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

LESSON VI.—AUGUST 10.

Nadab Abihu — Temperance Lesson.

Leviticus x., 1-11. Commit to memory verses 8-11.

Golden Text.

'Let us watch and be sober.'—I. Thess. v., 6.

Lesson Text.

(1) And Nadab and Abihu, the sons of Aaron, took either of them his censer, and put fire therein, and put incense thereon, and offered strange fire before the Lord, which he commanded them not. (2) And there went out fire from the Lord, and devoured them, and they died before the Lord. (3) Then Moses said to Aaron, This is it that the Lord spake, saying, I will be sanctified in them that come nigh me, and before all the people I will be glorified. And Aaron held his peace. (4) And Moses called Mishael and Elzaphan, the sons of Uzziel the uncle of Aaron, and said unto them, Come near, carry your brethren from before the sanctuary out of the camp. (5) So they went near, and carried them in their coats out of the camp; as Moses had said. (6) And Moses said unto Aaron, and unto Eleazer and unto Ithamar, his sons, Uncover not your heads, neither rend your clothes; lest ye die, and lest wrath come upon all the people; but let your brethren, the whole house of Israel, bewail the burning which the Lord hath kindled. (7) And ye shall not go out from the door of the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die; for the anointing oil of the Lord is upon you. And they did according to the word of Moses. (8) And the Lord spake unto Aaron, saying, (9) Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die; it shall be a statute for ever throughout your generations: (10) And that ye may put difference between holy and unholy, and between unclean and clean; (11) And that ye may teach the children of Israel all the statutes which the Lord hath spoken unto them by the hand of Moses.

Suggestions.

A man's actions gain importance from his position. For instance, an ambassador from one country to another may by careless conduct publicly disgrace his whole country, for he stands as the representative of his country and his deeds, be they good or bad, will be accredited to his country. A man in an ordinary walk of life might do the same things and only bring shame to himself and his own family. The whole nation is judged by the conduct of its representatives abroad. So the kingdom of heaven is judged by its representatives in this world, an unfaithful Christian not only does wrong to his own soul but brings discredit upon the whole kingdom to which he belongs.

From the warning which the Lord God gave to Aaron (Lev. x., 9), it is assumed that Nadab and Abihu must have been under the influence of strong drink when they so presumptuously offered before God the common unhallowed fire instead of that which had been specially blessed.

For this reason, the Lord God took care that the first representatives should understand and that strict obedience and sincerity of purpose were the basal requisites of citizenship. Thus Nadab and Abihu in the Old Testament, Ananias and Sapphira in the New Testament, were suddenly smitten down in fulfilment of unheeded warnings, which God had already given against disobedience and insincerity. God does not smite with sudden death all the disobedient, unbelieving or insincere persons who presume to claim citizenship in his kingdom. These solitary cases are intended as warnings for all generations, typical of the destruction of the inner life brought about by continual disregard of the voice of conscience. No man who habitually disobeys God knows when he may forever lose the power of even wishing to obey (Hebrews xii., 17). No man who takes strong drink knows just where the line is between moderation and excess; neither does the man who has passed that line know just when he will drink enough to cause his own death or to make him an active agent in some crime which in sober was a direct insult to the Lord God in its insolent carelessness of his decree. A drunken man may be quite unconscious of his actions, nevertheless, the law holds him responsible for them, and no soul can ever get away from its responsibility to God. A man who drinks puts himself into the hands of the devil and knows not what crime he may commit when under its influence. The priests were commanded not to drink wine or strong drink (Exek. xliv., 21; Lev. x., 9). All who have been washed in the precious blood shed for the remission of sins, have been made kings and priests unto God (Rev. i., 5, 6; I. Pet. ii., 5,9; Isa. lxi., 6). Therefore there cannot be even moderate drinking or occasional taking of a glass of wine by those who have received the remission of their sins and have become citizens of the eternal kingdom and priestly servants of the most High God.

Aaron and his sons were not allowed to mourn publicly for Nadab and Abihu, lest it should seem as though they did not recognize God's perfect justice; but the people were commanded to mourn, that they might be impressed with the solemnity of the occasion and the awfulness of disobedience to God.

The fire of the Lord is his blazing righteousness and purity, which must consume sin. The light of that fire attracts those who wish to get rid of their sins, but drives into deeper darkness those who love darkness rather than light, who love the evil of their own hearts. God's holiness must consume sin and those who cling to sin until it actually becomes part of themselves must be consumed with their sins. We choose our own destiny and each day's choice is irrevocable.

Sow an act, reap a habit;
Sow a habit, reap a character;
Sow a character, reap a destiny.

Home Readings.

Monday, Aug. 4.—Lev. x., 1-11.
Tuesday, Aug. 5.—Exod. xxx., 10.
Wednesday, Aug. 6.—Ezek. xxii., 23-31.
Thursday, Aug. 7.—Ezek. xliv., 15-21.
Friday, Aug. 8.—Gal. v., 16-26.
Saturday, Aug. 9.—I. Cor. iv., 19-27.
Sunday, Aug. 10.—I. Thess. v., 5.23.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Aug. 10.—Topic—A suggestion in addition. II. Pet. i., 4-9.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Mon., Aug. 4.—Attack your obstacles. Josh. vi., 1.

Tues, Aug. 5.—God's promise of victory. Josh. vi., 2.

Wed., Aug. 6.—A lesson in perseverance. Josh. vi., 3.

Thu., Aug. 7.—God's presence leading. Josh. vi., 4.

Fri., Aug. 8.—The cry of faith. Josh. vi., 5.

Sat., Aug. 9.—God gives the victory. John. vi., 20.

Sun., Aug. 10.—Topic—Old Testament miracles. III. Lessons from the fall of Jericho. Josh. vi., 1-5, 20.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is July, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance

King Alcohol.

There is a king doth rule the land,
From all he takes his toll;
Destruction follows in his path,
His name 'tis King Alcohol.

He takes the young man in his strength,
With hopes so bright and fair;
Fair prospects wither 'neath his blight
For hope he gives despair.

The mature man with ripened powers,
For country's use and weal;
Lo! manhood shrivels at his touch,
E'en reason's throne doth reel.

The mother's sigh, the orphan's tear,
Attest his ruthless reign;
O'er bleeding hearts he tramples still,
He bears the mark of Cain.

O Thou great God, in whom we trust,
Our refuge and our Tower;
Stay Thou this foul king's onward march,
Stretch forth thine arm with power.

WM. G. KENNEDY.

1756 Marshall Street,
Philadelphia.

Business is Business.

A correspondent to the 'Chicago Advocate' gives this instance: 'A bright little boy entered a saloon with pop-corn. The bartender offered to buy a dime's worth of the corn if the little fellow would take his pay in drink. The boy refused, saying that he used his money to buy bread and clothes for himself and his little sister. The saloon-keeper finally bought ten cents' worth of the corn, and the boy started on his way to the door. The keeper of the den called the boy back and gave him three table-spoonfuls of whiskey, mixed with sugar and water, saying as he did so that it was good for colds. The boy's eyes sparkled as he pronounced it "Good," and went on his way. Then this fiend in human shape gave this explanation for his conduct—He said,

'"The Prohibition cranks are injuring us, and unless we continue making drunkards out of the young they will soon have them all on their side. If that boy keeps selling corn on this side of the river it won't be three weeks till he will buy drinks of me. They learn easy when young," and he laughed heartily. Then the bleared-eyed monster went on to enumerate how many boys he had taught to drink. One was a six-year-old son of a widow, whom he taught to drink through spite. The mother had prosecuted the saloon-keeper for selling liquor to her husband who died from the effects, and the seller took revenge on the widow's son. He taught him to drink at six, at fourteen he was a confirmed drunkard, and at seventeen he died.'

'How long, O Lord, how long?'

Cigarette Heart.

The following advertisement in a Chicago newspaper made some startling disclosures as to the health of boys:

'Wanted, skin, for skin-grafting, twenty boys; will pay $3 per person. Dr. Prescott, 110 W. Washington street.'

The case of this advertisement is the lacerated hand of a young man; Dr. Prescott, the physician in charge, decided to graft new skin upon the torn hand. On examining one hundred and eighty applicants, he has not found twenty who are satisfactory. He says 'the number of cigarette hearts found among our boys is appalling.' The boy with the cigarette heart cannot furnish healthy skin for grafting purposes, and the majority of the boy applicants were rejected because of the cigarette heart or consumption resulting from cigarette smoking.

Correspondence

Duluth, Minn.

Dear Editor,—I live in the beautiful 'Zenith City,' or Duluth. Duluth has a background of very high hills, and Lake Superior lies to the east and St. Louis Bay to the west. We can skate in covered rinks on the bay, but the lake is too large to freeze. We had very little snow last winter, so the ice went out in March. It is very stormy on the lake, and the waves from the canal often come upon the avenue. The city is supplied with clear, cold water from the lake. Next year we expect to have a water power greater than Niagara. Last summer our family camped in a caboose at 'Spirit Lake.' Duluth has many pretty parks and drive ways. Our school system is the best in the United States, and our High School is the largest in America. We are taught to fence, jump, kick and punch. My teacher is Miss Bell, and our principal is Miss Ensign. We have had the 'Witness,' 'Sabbath Reading' and 'Messenger' in our family ever since they have been printed.

DAISY S. (aged 14).

Marshalltown, N.S.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen any letters from Marshalltown, I will try and write you a short letter. My sister Blanche takes the 'Messenger,' and we all like to read it very much. Grandma gave it to her as a present about a year ago, and my grandma takes it too. I go to school nearly every day. My teacher's name is Miss Alva E. Mullen. I like her very much. I am in the seventh grade, and my lessons are geography, history, reader, grammar, arithmetic and Evangeline. I think Evangeline is a lovely poem. I live on a farm. My father has seven cows, and he has two horses now, their names are Nellie and Dick. We don't have any sheep. The school-teacher boards here. We like her very much. The schoolhouse is about half a mile from here. It is just a nice walk in summer, and it is quite cold in the winter. It is very pleasant around here, and the train runs through our pasture. My brother Claude carries the mail and last week he was helping papa farm, and I took the mail for him. I think it is great fun to carry the mail. I love to read books. I have four brothers and one sister. The oldest of the family is eighteen years old and the youngest is two years old. I hope this letter will be in print, it is the first one I ever wrote, and hope it isn't too long.

OLIVE A. M. (aged 11).

St. John's, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—As I did not see any letter from St. John's, I thought that I would write one. St. John's has one of the finest harbors in the world, and the entrance to it is called The Narrows. The view from the Southside Hills is delightful and amply repays us for the trouble of climbing up. On the opposite side are the principal houses of the town above which the towers of the Roman Catholic cathedral loom majestically. On the east you can see the Cabot Tower and the fishing stages that are built close to the water of the harbor. On the west are farm houses and meadows and the Waterford River, which glides slowly and musically along. Far above us the rugged hills extend, and at our feet is the harbor, where we go boating in summer, and where numerous steamers and vessels lie at anchor. I go to school and study history, French, domestic economy, arithmetic, grammar, geography, algebra, hygiene and English literature. I must stop now, as I think that my letter is long enough.

BEATRICE K.

Echo Vale, P.Q.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen any letters from here, I thought I would write one. I am a little girl twelve years old. I go to school in the summer and am in the fifth reader. It is only a few weeks since we subscribed for the 'Northern Messenger,' we are all very fond of reading it. I have two brothers and two sisters; there are none of them at home now. I have a niece who is a year older than I am. She has been with us for over a year now. My birthday is on the same day as Pearlie's and Silvia's, November 3. I have a cat, and a dog, a cow, a sheep and a little lamb. We live one mile from school, and two and one-half miles from church. We have Sunday-school in summer, but not in winter. We live on a farm.

KATIE McD.

Bayeville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, and I have five brothers and one sister. My brother is building a saw mill. We live eight miles from a post-office. I have one mile and a quarter to go to school. Our school is stopped because we cannot get a teacher. Our preacher's name is Mr. Robertson. I like him very much. My father is a farmer and we have one horse and a colt named Jess. We have four cows and two pigs and some sheep and chickens. My sister takes the 'Messenger,' and we like it very much. I have a dog named Nero, and we have a cat named Nancie. My dog draws me all over the place in the winter. I am twelve years old. My birthday is on June 30. We found May flowers on April 13. We have good times in the winter sleigh-riding on the crust. I study reading, spelling, geography, history, grammar, writing, but my favorite study is history, and I am in the fourth book. I hope I will see my letter in print. My sister teaches the Bible class in Sunday-school.

ROBERT H. B.

Glenboro'.

Dear Editor,—I have never tried to write before, but I am going to try now to let you know how I like reading the 'Northern Messenger.' The reason I like it most is it is so suited for almost all ages. Perhaps the readers of your paper would like to hear an account of our town, 'Glenboro.' In the heart of an excellent agricultural district, it speedily attracted the attention of business men, and an impetus was given to the growth of the town. Five elevators furnish abundant facilities for handling the large crop which is yearly marketed at Glenboro', and the best equipped country mill around draws the trade from twenty to thirty miles. Four general stores, four blacksmith shops, one lumber yard, one machine shop, four implement warehouses and two hotels, the 'Leland' and 'Queen's,' are doing a thriving business. The Union Bank of Canada has a branch at this point. There are two churches, the Methodist (pastor being Rev. Mr.Spence), and the Presbyterian (pastor being Rev. Mr. Patterson.) Glenboro' is not incorporated, fire and sanitary matters being looked after by the town board, elected annually. The school is a large two-story building, with four efficient teachers. Cypress Agricultural Society hold their annual exhibition in Glenboro', some time in July. Excuse me for having such a lengthy letter, but I could not make it much shorter and tell all, so I will close, promising to write soon again.

B. ROSS.

Stanbridge.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and enjoy reading the correspondence. I go to school the distance of two miles. My teacher's name is Miss Jessie Corey; she has taught our school over twelve years. I hope she will teach next year. We had an entertainment on Empire day. I have one sister, her name is Lorenia. We love our Sabbath teacher; we have a nice superintendent, his name is Mr. Welch. We live on a farm, and have eight cows, two horses, two big pigs and seven little pigs, for our pets a dog named Watch, and three cats, their names are Puss, Kittie, and Dinah. I feel sorry for the little girl who is a little invalid and cannot walk or use her right hand that I read about in the correspondence. My grandma is sick and we children walked through the woods to see her, and we picked some wild flowers for her, and we had fun going up there, though sorry to find that she was so sick. I was eight years old the day that the Queen died.

MARY W.

Denmark, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at our Junior Christian Endeavor, and appreciate it very much. I am fond of reading, especially about adventures. I go to school, and am in grade nine. My teacher's name is Miss Taylor, and I like her very well. Far ahead loom the summer holidays, and I need not say that I will be glad when they come. Meantime the May-flowers are in bloom, and it is great fun looking for them. But it is not so pleasant as it might be, because we have had so much rain. However, I need not grumble, for where would our flowers be if we had no rain? Wishing the 'Messenger' success.

SADIE CAMPBELL (aged 13).

Souris.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl of eleven years. This is my second letter to the Editor. I like the 'Messenger' very much. I have three sisters and four brothers, and two sisters in heaven. My mother and father are both living. My second sister was the first born in this settlement. I live on a farm two miles and a half from school. We have a lot of cattle and horses. I have a brother and sister going to school with me. I am in the third book. I take up geography and arithmetic and writing, reading and composition. We have a lovely teacher, her name is Miss Balfour. We have one of the largest county schools in Manitoba. We have fifty scholars on the roll now. My eldest brother lives up at Hamiota. My mother and father were down visiting their home in Nova Scotia last winter for the first time in twenty years, and of course they saw quite a change. The baby in our family is eight years old. We had a terrible flood here this spring, it took our big iron bridge away, so we have to cross the Souris River on a ferry now. It seems very much like old times.

M. B. B.

Yale, Mich.

Dear Editor,—My letter appeared in the 'Mesesnger' a couple of weeks ago, and at the end I offered to correspond with any one who would write, but the letters were so numerous that I cannot answer them all, so I will take this opportunity to answer them through the 'Messenger.' Would you kindly oblige me with an early insertion of this in the 'Messenger.' I am very much pleased with the 'Messenger,' and look forward to its weekly arrival with much pleasure. I like the stories in the paper very much. We live on a forty-acre farm with a very comfortable house on it. We have one horse, two cows, a calf and about 60 hens, and in addition we have 30 young turkeys this spring. My sister has one pet turkey named Tutsie.

ALICE GUY (aged 11).

EDITOR'S NOTE.

We regret that we are not able to republish the story mentioned by M. E. W.

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HOUSEHOLD.

A True Story.

('Australian Christian World.')

'Did you ever ask God to save you from giving a wrong medicine, or a hasty slap, or from saying a thoughtless word which afterwards you grieved over, and though you might be forgiven by the one whom you had wronged,still you could not forgive yourself?' These questions I was asked by a dear clergyman's wife, who was a pattern of what a consecrated Christian life ought to be. She was always the brightest and the happiest person in her home, and a calm, holy joy was marked on her face. Nothing seemed to trouble or to worry her. When things appeared to go wrong, she told the Lord, and cast the burden upon him. When they were bright she praised him for his goodness. To her questions I had to acknowledge that I did not remember asking God in particular to prevent me from making a mistake, which, though quite accidental, might cast a cloud on the remainder of my life.

'Well, she said, 'I was only a girl in my teens, when a very painful story came under my notice, and it made such an impression upon me, that ever since I never passed a day almost without asking the Lord to preserve me from any act which would cause deep sorrow, and he has graciously answered my prayer, and kept me and my family all these years, and he will preserve "our going out and coming in" until he calls us up to the home which he is preparing for those who love him.'

She then told the following story of a dressemaker who worked beautifully. She was a widow, and had one sweet little girl about five years of age, whom she delighted in. She used to say her child was the only joy she had since her husband's death. One evening she was very busy in finishing off a ball dress, which she had promised to have ready in the morning, but it was much more tedious than she had anticipated, and as she kept no apprentices, but worked by herself, and took much pains, she often had more work than she was able to accomplish in a short time. The ball-dress was almost finished; all that she had to do was to sew some little moss rose-buds here and there on the dress.

A hasty knock came to the door, and a footman came with a letter from the young lady, saying that she was vexed at her dress not having been sent to her that morning, and that she was waiting at home to put it on for the ball, and desiring the servant not to return without it.

'Please sit down for a few minutes and I will not keep you long,' Mrs. L—— said to the servant. 'I have only these little rose-buds to put on, and the dress will be ready.'

She stitched away as fast as her poor tired fingers could work, after a day of weary toiling and a late night's rest, trying to have it finished in time.

While she was sewing on the rose-buds her little child was sitting on the floor at her feet busily engaged in cutting off the flowers which the poor mother was stitching on in such haste.

The dressmaker took up the dress, saying 'It is finished now,' and she gave the skirt a shake intending to fold it, and lay it in the box to send off, and as she shook it, all the little rose-buds fell on the floor.

She was in a great state of excitement on seeing the mischief that the little child had done.

'Look what you have done,' she said, slapping the child on the side of the head, and entirely forgetting for the moment that a pair of scissors were in her hand. The child gave a little cry and fell back, not speaking again.

The heart-broken mother lifted her little pet with her golden curls in her arms, and then she found a slight cut on the side of her head where the pair of scissors had penetrated. All that medical skill and love could do was tried, but inflammation of the brain set in, and the little one died.

The poor mother's agony was so intense, that like Rachel of old, 'she could not be comforted,' and she became insane, and was taken to a lunatic asylum, where she died shortly afterwards.

My friend said to me, 'Is not the Lord good in preserving us from such sorrows? We should try if possible to give our orders early, and not to wait till the last moment for business people to be overtaxed and worried by insufficient time to complete their work. Bread by some is hardly earned. Let us try to soften the difficulty by helping to make it easy. The tender chord of sympathy for others vibrates back into our own bosom.'—M. C. D. MacNeill.

A Missionary's Home.

The Autobiography of John G. Paton contains a picture of the Scottish home-life that was founded upon the teaching of Deut. iv., 6-9. 'We had special Bible readings on the Lord's Day evenings,—mother and children and visitors reading in turns, with fresh and interesting questions, answer, and exposition, all tending to impress us with the infinite grace of a God of love and mercy in the great gift of his dear son Jesus, our Saviour.

'I can remember those happy Sabbath evenings; no blinds drawn and shutters up to keep out the sun from us, as some scandalously affirm; but a holy, happy, entirely human day, for a Christian father, mother, and children to spend. How my father would parade across and across our flag-floor, telling over the substance of the day's sermons to our dear mother! . . . How he would entice us to help him recall some idea or other, rewarding us when we got the length of "taking notes" and reading them over on our return; how he would turn the talk over so naturally to some Bible story, or some martyr reminiscence, or some happy allusion to the "Pilgrim's Progress"! And then it was quite a contest which of us would get reading aloud, while all the rest listened, and father added here and there a happy thought, or illustration, or anecdote.

'There were eleven of us brought up in a home like that; and never one of the eleven, boy or girl, man or woman, has been heard, or ever will be heard, saying that Sabbath was dull or wearisome for us, or suggesting that we have heard of or seen any way more likely than that for making the Day of the Lord bright and blessed alike for parents and for children.'—'C. E. World.'

A Healthful Beverage.

For most people, hot milk is far more healthful than tea or coffee, and it is the only hot drink that should be given to children. It must be as hot as can be drunk to be relished. Heat in a pail set inside a kettle of water. It should be sipped slowly and not swallowed fast.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

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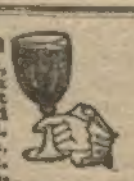

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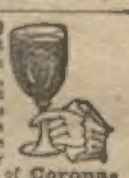

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